[fic] Human AU: Cruelty

• Mar. 24th, 2011 at 5:10 AM

Title: Human AU: Cruelty.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Mentions of angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel, Lucifer, mentions/hints of Raphael/Michael.
Word Count: 1,008 words.
Summary: Gabriel has an unsatisfying conversation, and Lucifer deals with his anger.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt cruelty being used for this one. Fifteen down, fifteen to go! (\o/ halfway!)

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Gabriel likes empty churches. Empty, quiet sanctuaries where he can hear a pin drop - Gabriel does not like to share his faith, not with humans, and yet he likes churches. This is the ideal compromise, one where he can ignore the mistakes and fallacies of humanity and instead enjoy the quiet, reverent atmosphere that most churches maintain even when they are empty.

Part of it, he knows, stems from heartfelt prayers offered here, as there are still faithful in the world. He remembers hearing them, prayers that he had to work harder to ignore, to drown out with luxury when he was trying not to be an angel.

Not that it matters now: Gabriel cannot hear prayers now, not when he is human.

He still likes empty churches, though.

So he sits in an empty pew in the front of the church and looks up at the cross on the wall and wonders.

He knows he should be grateful that Raphael has lost that hatred that ruled him for so long, and he should be grateful that they are being given a second chance, but he cannot help but feel jealous of his memories, of what he was and still *is*, even if he cannot hear the songs of the choirs.

"You can take the angel out, but you can't take me," Gabriel muses, quiet, and he knows that what he is, at the very core of his being, is still angelic, even if he's covered that over and pretended that it's not.

He tilts his head back and closes his eyes, wonders if he ever should try coming to a service if only to hear the music, but no. He pinches himself and stands up, knowing that it would be a bad idea.

"I know you're listening," Gabriel tells the cross. "I'd like it if you stopped playing with us. We're not perfect, even if you did make us that way, and I admit it: I'm not your finest creation. So let me rest already."

In a way he had enjoyed death, even if he didn't remember it very well, and would try to avoid it in the future.

There's silence, just as he was expecting, and Gabriel sighs before he turns to go. Maybe he should have gotten on his knees and put his hands together, but Gabriel has always known that ceremony, while nice and comforting, isn't necessary. The angels heard it if they were listening, and he didn't doubt that God heard, wherever He was.

"Something I can help you with, son?"

Gabriel turns, startled, and there is someone he doesn't know at the side door, dressed in jeans and a sweater but Gabriel knows already: it's either a janitor or the pastor or someone else entirely, and they think he might want company.

He wants to tell the human no, that he's fine and he's going now, thanks, but - Gabriel shrugs, and sits back down.

"If you've got the time," He says, and looks at the stained-glass windows instead of the cross.

He hears the pew creak, and knows that the human has sat down next to him.

"I've got time," comes the voice, and Gabriel wonders exactly how much of the truth he wants to tell him about.

It takes a while before Gabriel's ready to talk, and luckily for them both, the human is a patient one.

"Ever wonder if He's really listening?" Gabriel asks at last. "Or if we've been abandoned down here."

"There's no way for us to know for sure," comes the reply. "I have faith that He's listening, but it comes down to faith."

"That's an overly diplomatic answer," Gabriel says, looking at him. "Not really an answer at all."

"...I have wondered, in the past. Sometimes I still do. I have to trust that He is listening, though. I do trust that He's listening."

"Right," Gabriel says, and stands up. "Going to quote scripture at me, now?"

"Would it help?" The man shakes his head. "Don't answer that. You're doubting - "

Gabriel laughs, harshly, and has to bend over, he's laughing so hard.

He recovers a minute later, has a seat, grins at the man.

"That's a good one, that's a great joke there buddy."

"...are you?"

Gabriel knows that this guy has no idea who Gabriel is, what he was, what he's been through. He can't help it, he laughs again.

"I can't doubt any more than you can stop breathing," Gabriel says, and grins at the ceiling.

"What do you mean?"

"You wouldn't understand, and that's the problem here. Listen, thanks for trying to help, but I don't think you'd be able to even start with understanding, and I'm just not up for this now. I've gotta go."

Gabriel hops up and rushes out, shaking his head. Humans. Endlessly entertaining and endlessly ignorant, and not what he needs now.

He wishes he could have reached into that man's mind and exposed all of his dirty laundry, made him repent the old fashioned way, maybe drop that cross on him. It's petty anger, a petty urge to be the Trickster again.

He debates doing something he can do while human, debates going back and breaking a window just for the thrill of violence.

But then he remembers that while Gods are known for being petty, humans are known for getting even angrier over even more trivial issues, and doing stupid things about it, and he stuffs his hands in his pockets.

"I get it, I'm human," Gabriel mutters, and heads for home.

Lucifer finds a pair of scissors, and finds an outlet for the frustration he's feeling.

Logically he knows that Gabriel doesn't hate him, that he was just being emotional over the latest problem, but...

He hurts, he's angry, he vents it before he hurts someone.

It feels good to sit on Gabriel's bed and systematically cut every single issue of his tabloids and magazines into pieces.

He ignores the noises he can hear through the walls from the bathroom.

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